

After 20 Years.

J. M. Vinkle, a Furniture Dealer, of Owosso, strikes the Right Thing.

The circumstances surrounding the case of Mr. J. M. Vinkle are of deep interest to our readers, and our representative found him at his furniture store, No. 1115 W. Main Street, where he cheerfully gave the following account for publication:

"I have never," said Mr. Vinkle, "been without a pain in my back for the last twenty years. I do not know what caused it unless it was hard, constant work, which may have overtaxed me. At times I was worse than at others; for instance, in changeable weather I would suffer more keenly. If I lifted anything heavy or did any stooping work, I would go around like one with a broken back. During all this time I have been continually taking medicine of some kind. I have used all kinds of plasters and taken great quantities of Buchu, but nothing helped me. I do not believe that one thousand dollars would cover the expense which medicine and treatment has cost me. Some months ago I read about Doan's Kidney Pills, and although my faith in medicine was greatly shaken, I determined to try them, and procured a box at the drug store of Johnson & Henderson. I began taking them and felt better right away. I had a feeling of relief from my back that I had not known in many years, and I have suffered everything from it during that time. I have had a wide experience in taking medicine, and when I say that Doan's Kidney Pills is the best remedy known to me, I mean it. Think of it—through years of suffering, life had become a misery, and when I would sit down I could hardly get up. Doan's Kidney Pills have put me in a condition all my efforts and the other medicines I have taken failed to do. Have not every reason to praise them?"

For sale by all dealers—price 50 cents per box. Mailed by Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States. Remember the name, Doan's, and take no other.

Announcements for School Year 1896-7.

Teachers should carefully note the contents of this circular and preserve it for future use.

DATES OF EXAMINATIONS.
Regular, Owosso, August 25th and 26th, 1896.
Special, Owosso, October 15th and 16th, 1896.
Regular, Corunna, March 25th and 26th, 1897.
Special, Corunna, June 17th and 18th, 1897.
All examinations will begin at 8:30 a. m., standard time.

Applicants for third grades will write upon geography, theory and art, and school law in any branch; for second grade, grammar, physiology and reading the second half day; arithmetic, penmanship and history the third half day and civil government and orthography the fourth half day. Applicants for first and second grades will write upon geography, theory and art and school law the first half day; grammar, physiology, algebra and reading the second half day; arithmetic history and penmanship the third half day, and civil government, physics and orthography the fourth half day. Applicants for first grades will write upon geometry, general history and botany on Saturday.

The above schedule will be strictly followed.

REQUIREMENTS.
For third grades an average of seventy is required, with not less than sixty-five in any branch; for second grade an average of seventy-five is required, with not less than seventy in any branch; for first grade an average of eighty is required, with not less than eighty in any branch. Applicants shall use legal cap paper and write with pen and ink.

Applicants for first and second grades who pass in part of the branches may re-write at the next examination in the remainder. After failing in two consecutive examinations they must re-write in all branches. Applicants for third grades who fail in part of the branches must re-write in all branches.

CAUTION: Special certificates will be granted only when legally qualified teachers cannot be secured. Parents who wish to teach must attend an examination.

O. L. BRISTOL, Commissioner.

J. N. CODY, Examiner.

J. A. TROTTER, Examiner.

Corunna, Aug. 7, 1896.

F. EDWARDS & CO.

General Real Estate and Insurance Agent

Will sell your Property.
Will rent your House or Farm.
Will look after your Tenants.
Will find Loans for your Money.
Will insure your Buildings.
Charges very reasonable. Office with S. F. Smith.

H. B. PETERSON,

DENTIST

VITALIZED AIR.

OFFICE—Over Dimmick's store, Washington Street. RESIDENCE—Washington St., opposite Congregational church.

WILLIAM M. KILPATRICK,

LAWYER.

SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY

General Insurance Agent.

Office in the Williams Block, Washington Street, Owosso, Mich.

J. B. Dowdigan,

DENTIST.

Office over Kalamazoo Store, Owosso, Mich.

DR. ARTHUR S. SCOTT

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.

RESIDENCE, 409 SAGINAW ST., Office, 211 N. Washington St.

OVER PARKILL & SON'S DRUG STORE.

DR. L. E. PHELPS,

Office: 114 N. Washington St. OFFICE HOURS: 8 to 9 a. m. and 1 to 2 p. m.

RESIDENCE: 636 N. Washington St.

Special Attention given to Chronic Diseases.

Hamblin & Crawford,

REAL ESTATE.

Business Chances, Conveyancing, Fire Insurance, Money to Loan, Notaries Public.

OFFICE UP STAIRS 106 West Exchange St. OWOSSO, MICH.

DR. ANNIS S. H. GOODING,

Homoeopathic

Residence and office, Williams St., (Corner Block), Owosso, Mich. Office hours—8 to 9 a. m. and 2 to 3 p. m. Calls promptly responded to. Special attention given to Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children.

PARKER'S

HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never fails to restore gray hair to its youthful color. Cures itching scalp and dandruff. 25c and 50c at Druggists.

HINDERCOMBS,

The only pure Cure for Corns. Stops all pain. Removes corns from the feet. Makes walking easy. Sold at Druggists.

ROB M'GREGOR.

By MARTHA MCULLOCH WILLIAMS.

(Copyright, 1896, by the Author.)

"He don't think so. He can please himself a heap better an not go nowhere."



"I say. We are all in the same boat, an pretty fools we'd be notter pull together!"

"That's what I've told mommer all along," Miss Winfold said.

Her mother whined, "Girls oughter marry—I know that—but no man livin is good enough fer Alice."

"Well, you mustn't blame her for thinkin different," Mr. Topmark said, with a smirk. "Folks oughter suit themselves about that. Oh, Alice, do your best, my girl! I'll do the same. Mayby thar'll be two weddin's this fall that'll make all Walnut Creek open its eyes an talk for the nex' six months."

About the same time Jack Talbot sat upon the piazza at Roscoe, outwardly a pattern of decorous attention to what the oldest Miss Payne was saying, but only furious over finding Rob with a houseful of company. All the Paynes had come home with her to spend the night, and Cerintha, the younger daughter, was to stay through the next week. The big meeting was sure to last so long, and upon Monday young Brother Walton, who was Cerintha's betrothed, was coming from his own circuit to help in the good work.

He was looked upon as a vessel of chosen grace. So a revival was confidently expected. Mrs. Payne, dear soul, could talk of little else. In spite of her change of residence she still held membership at Bethel. The church had lost power in the last half dozen years. In common with all its more zealous members she was praying for a season of spiritual refreshing.

"If only the Lord will be with us," she said, swaying gently back and forth in her rocking chair. "Ah, Brother McGregor, what would I not give for one hour more like that when your wife professed Christ? She had mourned so long, deeply and in silence. She told me afterward she felt she had committed the unpardonable sin in making an idol of her firstborn, little Esta, you know, and that maybe that was why God took the little one."

"Yes, and the thought almost broke her heart," Mr. McGregor broke in, his face working. "I feared she would lose her mind over it, but God was merciful. At last he took away her burden."

"She was the clearest, happiest convert I ever saw. Her face shone like Moses when he came down from the mountain," Mrs. Payne said, wiping away an ecstatic tear. "Old Bishop Soule preached, I remember—his text was 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden'—and as I listened

"He can please himself a heap better," but to Roscoe, Nina said stubbornly. At once Mr. Topmark sat bolt upright, saying between gulps of ice cream:

"I kin tell him it's a mighty waste of eyesight for him ter look that way."

"Why, brother, what can you mean?" Mrs. Winfold asked, her face apprehensive, but avidly curious. With half shut eyes he replied:

"Nothin, only he can't have Rob McGregor, an she shan't have him."

"You mean not if we can help it," Alice said coolly. "I agree to that, Uncle Ben; but are we certain they will marry us?"

"You must tend ter Jack. She'll have the chance of me—yes, a hundred times over," Mr. Topmark said doggedly. "That reminds me, Sis Sarah, if you can't find nothin better to do than tryin ter set my children ag'inst her I wish you'd leave 'em alone. I won't have nothin in her dispraise from nobody, least of all my own family."

"I have told mommer all along she was the sweetest, nicest girl in the county," Miss Winfold began as her mother sobbed out:

"I know—I have—said things—brother—not so—very much—but—but I'll never—never let slip another word of only you'll promise—you won't never let—nothin turn you clean ag'inst—poor me!"

"Come, come, Sis Sarah. I ain't mad, only a little mite provoked," Mr. Topmark said, his face clearing. "Stop cry-

I thought if he had been preaching straight at my wife he could not have come nearer her case. That was at morning service. That night it was young Brother Rose, the wonderful, poor fellow who died next year of yellow fever. He had gone as a nurse, you know. I sat with my heart in my ears. It did seem to me God had specially set his servants to comfort my poor dear. When they called mourners, it was heartbreaking to see her. Her head was hanging, her face all white, but she got up and went with the rest, and I just had to go and kneel by her and put my arms around her. I wanted to comfort her, but not a word came. I knew afterward it was God's grace kept me dumb. Old Sister Jackson prayed first. Oh, what a prayer it was! And when we got up from our knees my poor dear's face was like the shining ones, but still she never said a word. But I shouted—shouted out loud—something I never did before or since. And then she caught my hands and said, just like a little child, 'Oh, Betsy, Betsy, God has taken away my sins!'"

"I remember!" Mr. McGregor said huskily. "I hope it is not irreverent; but, Sister Payne, I can but feel that when we meet in heaven it will be just like that night. I have not long to wait now. My only care, my dearest hope, is that when I meet her it will be in full knowledge that our baby is coming after me."

"Rob's a dear, good child. You need not fret. She is her mother over again," Mrs. Payne said, sympathetically patting his thin hand. "I did not think she would be. She had all the McGregor or favor when she was little. But now—why, I'd know her for Helen's daughter among a thousand. The main difference is she is prettier. There was no body in all the crowd today to think of setting beside her. I have got daughters of my own, and they are not ugly girls, but they can't compare with your girl no more than the rest."

Jack made Mrs. Payne his best bow. The young folks had fallen silent, listening to their elders. "You are the wisest woman I know," he said. "But, Mrs. Payne, please tell me where Rob has hidden himself. No, I don't think ever of saying Miss Rob. You see, I've raked her partly. She belongs to me, is my little—sister," halting perceptibly over the word, "and I have a big scolding for her. She had no business setting up as a young lady full fledged, with beaus and all that, entirely without my leave."

"Oh, hadn't she?" Rob called from the door back of him. "Well, Jack, the scolding must wait. I am too happy just now to quarrel, even with you. But when I am all by myself again, as blue and miserable as a frost-bitten rosebud—it's only that way I'm ever like a rosebud—why, then we will begin, and I shall give you back scorn and railing with interest."

"But what shall we do tonight?" Jack queried, with a show of intense anxiety. Rob laughed lightly as she said:

"Tonight? Oh, tonight you are to have supper with us, and an extra lump of sugar in your coffee, and two hot waffles, in place of one, to reward you for the noble way in which you did your duty toward unprotected womanhood today."

"Don't make sport of somebody who wants to be our friend and can be a mighty helpful one," Jack said so low that only Rob heard it. She shook her head willfully and ran to lead her father in to the table, where she kept up a flood of laughing chatter throughout the meal. Jack got no chance to say a

word to her in private until he was on the point of going away.

It was then 10 o'clock. He had said his goodbyes and was passing down the steps when Rob ran after him with his handkerchief, crying out: "Mercy, Jack! See what you came near doing—losing one of your beautiful birthday handkerchiefs. I think I could guess who worked your name so cunningly in the corner, but I won't tell you. Men are so vain anyway. But suppose she saw it and grew jealous, like Othello?"

"Come outside with me a minute," Jack said, catching her arm and drawing her beneath the poplars. "Rob, darling, why do you torment me so? How long must I keep eating my heart out in this way?"

"I don't quite know what you mean," Rob said, thankful that the only light upon her was the low silver of a newly risen moon. She shivered. Her hands grew cold. In spite of her pride, her deadly hurt, it was hard to believe in Jack's treachery with his voice in her ear. He tried to take her hand. She drew it away and locked it with its fellow at her back.

"Maybe I am a fool for my pains," Jack said thickly, "but—but I asked you to marry me. I ask it again. I love you, you only, so well I could kiss the ground you tread—that is, I love the girl I knew and believed in and called by your name. I do not want a woman who can tolerate the Ben Topmarks. If you mean to keep him dangling after you, then, by the Lord, you can't have me. Oh, little girl, don't say—don't think me a jealous brute! I can understand how you may have done it—all for a whim, to make the rest who hate you so gape and stare. You see, I know all your wickedness—in fact, I rather love you the better for it. Say that is truth, darling—say you will never do it any more; that you will give me the right to keep him from troubling you."

Rob had been shaken by his pleadings, his comprehension, but at the last words her anger flamed again. She drew a little farther away and said, with an accent of delicate irony:

"Why, Jack, how can you think he troubles? You ought to know better than anybody in the world what fascination runs in the family and how impossible it is to escape it."

CHAPTER XL

At Monday night's supper table Mrs. Talbot said to Jack, "Son, if you have not made other plans, will you go with me tonight to church?"

"With pleasure," Jack said, making a great ado over the heat of his coffee. "You surely don't think I prefer anybody's company to yours, mammy? How shall we go—on horseback?"

"Yes, that will be best," Mrs. Talbot said, smiling fondly on her boy. Jack made a grimace, but masked it with a pretense of swallowing away. His mother's simple wiles were plain to him. She meant to go by Mrs. Winfold's place and make Miss Alice bear them company. To object was for him out of the question, and thus he would seem to keep on with what he could not deny went far to justify Rob in the way she was behaving toward that confounded old fool Ben Topmark.

This, be it understood, is an exact quotation from young Mr. Talbot's mental phraseology. Though he had been in a fever ever since the night before, a glimmer of light and common sense had pierced his love clouded understanding. Rob was all he had believed her. There was certainly something more than girlish coquetry back of her seeming transformation. Even in her faults she was noble. He would go to her, face the thing out, and not leave her until he had got to the bottom of it.

Not at once, of course. Cerintha Payne was there for the meeting, which might last two weeks and was certain to hold for one. But until he could thus see her he would take care so to act that she should not be able again to sting Miss Winfold in his teeth. After all, it was no more unreasonable that she should feel aggrieved by his devotion to the neighborhood paragon than that he should grow furious over seeing her the object of Mr. Topmark's devotion, though she must know how little a free agent her lover was. She had laughed with him times without number over his compulsory gallantry, but that was before. What if she had found out that she really did care and was thus exasperated because of the knowledge?

There was comfort untold in the thought. Yes, he would be careful—show himself as friendly and kind as of old, until Rob was once more solitary at Roscoe. Though widowers did strike a tremendous gait in the lovelorn, he had not much fear that this particularly tormenting widower could carry off Rob under his eyes in the space of one revival. Perhaps the man really meant nothing serious—it might be he had chosen Rob in the giddiness of a first emancipation, but would let his vagrant fancy range to some one more suitable when it came to serious thought of matrimony.

Therefore it was trebly irritating to find himself again constrained to seem to do the thing he had vowed to leave undone. But it was not worth while to growl and look black over it when he knew so well the dear mother had his best good so at heart. When they were mounted and riding away, he talked to her gaily of the things he knew she best liked to hear. He could and would give her new frocks and china and paint the house anew, he said, now that the worrying debts were so near done with. The twins, Frank and Billy, should have a college course too. He might even hope next year to take his mother upon the tour they had so often planned among the Virginia kinfolk whom he had never seen.

There Mrs. Talbot stopped him, saying a bit shyly: "Maybe you will make it a bridal tour, son. You are the best son any mother ever had, but because of that we must not be selfish and never let you think of anything of your own."

Mr. Topmark at her elbow, the very moral of sunny content. How was Jack to comprehend that the colloquy was, so far as it concerned Rob, wholly accidental? She had set out in company only of Cerintha and Cerintha's lover, meaning to keep herself wholly and amiably in the background. The three had encountered Mr. Topmark some little way beyond his own gate, and it was the most natural and neighborly thing in the world for him to bear them company the rest of the way.

If Rob had but known it, the encounter was not nearly so accidental as it looked. Though after his cavalier dismissal Mr. Topmark had not dared to seek Rob's society outright, by cunning questioning of such black folk as came from Roscoe to the store that day he had found out her purpose of going to church and had plotted to join her. Things had fallen out to a nicety as he had planned. He had disarmed suspicion, he felt, by his well acted surprise over the sight of Miss Payne and his feint of wishing to ride beside her.

"Mr. Topmark, have you no conscience whatever?" Rob had said over that, pretending to whisper, but with an arch glance at Cerintha and the minister. "That's worse than playing dog in the manger. If that is your game, just wait till we get past you. Then you can come along by yourself—though, if you can behave like a Christian, we shall be glad of your company."

"I'll be good, better'n a lamb, of you say so," Mr. Topmark had returned, smiling fatuously. Rob had laughed outright.

"Don't you think you are a trifle mature for a lamb," she had asked, "rather horny and woolly? If you had said

He heard that which made his teeth set.

an elephant, now! Oh, they do look so good humored and big, yet people say there's no counting on them. Is it that way with you, Mr. Topmark? I mean are you most dangerous when you look most innocent? If you are—well, I had better begin to say my prayers."

"You air the dang'ous one. You air that!" Mr. Topmark had said, dropping still farther behind the other two. "Lord love you, Miss Rob, I ain't got no notion or sp'illin the preacher feller's ride. I won't lay nare straw in his way. I know how it is—yes, ef I didn't I'd do jest anything in the world you said I mus'. Try me now an see ef I won't."

"Take care!" Rob had answered, with a little, reckless laugh. "I am a mighty fine hand to bargain when it's for somebody else. If you mean what you say, it may cost you something."

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